



# THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA GETAWAY

24 consecutive days without threat of legal action • Volume 83 Issue 26 • Tuesday, December 14, 1993

## SU prez attacked—revolution ensues

### Executive acts quickly, forms committee, gets new prez

by Gay Brun and Jubilee William

Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for Torence.

University of Alberta Students' Union president Torence Feelmyitch was assassinated yesterday as he and vp external Karey Woodchuck drove past a tall building with many windows. It is believed the attacker was a lone gunman wishing to immortalize himself in history.

This is the interpretation of events from the director of Campus Security Dennis Doomsday, who said the matter is "strictly confidential." We can't just tell everyone about these sort of top secret investiga-

**"We can't just tell everyone about these sort of top secret investigations."**

**—Dennis Doomsday, director of Campus Security**

tions."

Feelmyitch was apparently shot in the neck, then in the head, while on a political damage control mission to encourage students to buy raffle tickets on the vehicle which later served as his own sweet chariot, comin' for to carry him home.

Following the attack, Feelmyitch was rushed to Parkland Memorial Hospital in Dallas, where he was declared dead upon arrival. Later, onboard Air Canada flight 1, Woodchuck, who was next to Feelmyitch when the shots rang out, was sworn in as president.

Appearing remarkably composed and smiling radiantly, Woodchuck said "Things are business as usual on the second floor, save for the fact that our little 'Binky' isn't at the helm anymore. However, I have already rescinded most of his decisions, and vow to move forward into a brave new era of spelling perfection on all future press releases."

Woodchuck also hinted that the commission looking into Feelmyitch's assassination has nearly completed its task, despite the fact that the autopsy has not yet begun.

"Our team has been working swiftly to look into this tragedy and bring it to a hasty close so we can forget about it forever. If you recall,

we formed a committee to examine the assassination minutes after our dear friend was attacked."

University president Saul Davensnork said, "I don't talk to the *Getaway*." Some have suggested he may be implicated in the astonishing events.

Apparently, a masked man who was seen running from the scene has been apprehended by Campus Security forces. He is in the custody of special constables and is being kept in one of the secret tunnels no one knows about that run under the campus.

Hollywood conspiracy theorist and cynic Gulliver Stone, in Edmonton filming the sordid tale of the conspiracy surrounding sixties band the Irish Rovers, immediately suspected a conspiracy was involved.

"Why the hell would they fly Feelmyitch to Parkland Memorial in Dallas, Texas, which is thousands of miles away, when the University hospital is right across the street?"

Hospital workers retorted that they wouldn't have been able to treat Feelmyitch anyway, in light of massive hospital budget cuts.

"We only had two doctors on staff anyway," said Flo Nightingale, one of two nurses on duty in the hospital at the time of Feelmyitch's assassination. "But Ralph has promised patient care will not suffer."

Stone suspects the budget cuts were put in place as part of a larger conspiracy.

"He was sent to Parkland Memorial because Woodchuck and her shadow government wanted him out of the way—literally."

Woodchuck responded, "We headed to the U of A hospital, but it was virtually abandoned. The nearest hospital willing to take the dejected freak was in Dallas."

Stone also noted that many members of the Golden Bares football team were seen on location during the shooting, and were quite angry with Feelmyitch following his recent decision to axe their team.

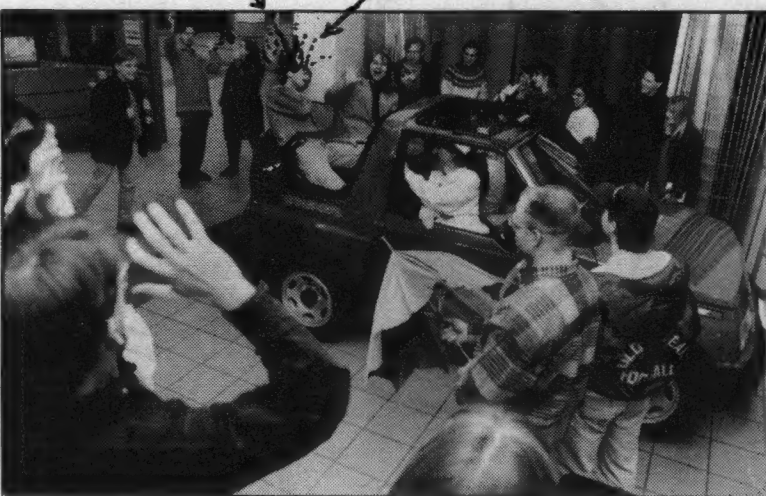
Dean of Phys Ed Fart Queasy denied the vicious rumours, saying, "We had nothing to do with Feelmyitch's death. Stone is out to lunch. We have blindly accepted the consensus of Campus Security, and will be mourning the death of both Feelmyitch and the Golden Bares. Oh well."

Despite the tragedy, SU representatives are still confident that they will be able to sell the remaining 800,000 tickets for the raffle, which ends Wednesday.



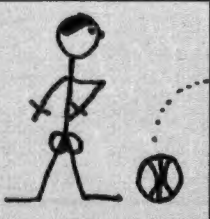
SU president Feelmyitch and vp Woodchuck wave to the warm, enthusiastic crowd from the back of the raffle jeep. They are unaware of the horrors that are to follow in the next few photographs, because, it, like, hasn't happened to them yet. Boy are they in for a surprise!

**A shot rings out, striking the president. He slumps forward, as the driver turns around to see what the problem is. An onlooker is clearly dazed by these events. There is more to follow.**



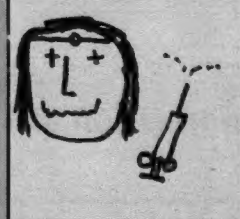
**Another shot is fired. Feelmyitch's head recoils back and to the left, like a chicken who has just been shot in the head. He has probably lost all control over his bodily functions by now, spilling brain bits, as well as maybe, like, urine and fecal matter as well. Gross! Who wants a raffle ticket?**

**Feelmyitch's body slumps forward in the backseat. Woodchuck, either panicking in the wake of the horror she has just experienced, or fleeing from body matter liberated within the jeep from the gunshot, is whisked back into the car by a plainclothes Safewalk agent.**



**The Naked Guy returns.**  
See page 10.

**"Hey, everybody, take off your pants. I'm sooo drunk."**  
—Semen Snotley



**Drugs are good.**  
See page 7.



# Gomers get tough on U of A

## New document critical of "nerd-bashers", Goblins

by Baron Dinko

Some people may deride role-playing aficionados as "Geeks," "Losers" or "Sociopathic Freaks."

Some may say the practice of assuming an imaginary identity on a regular basis is a futile attempt to gain vicarious gratification for one's pathetic existence. Some may

mighty Warlord of the Phantasy Gomers, *Secret Doors'* detractors are "...all a bunch of drooling plebes."

Although *Opening Secret Doors* attempts to debunk the justified stereotypes of Dungeons and Dragons players, it often rings false. When confronted with a passage

(page 503, paragraph 4) which seems to set numerical targets on the wholesale slaughter of Goblin infants, Rogette responded by saying, "Well, they're not worth any experience points alive!" What a bunch of nerds.

*Opening Secret Doors* is plagued with other problems as well, not the least of which are its total lack of proper grammar, its poor spelling, and its tenuous grip on acknowledged reality. In a typically fractured and irrelevant tirade, Gomer vp Merkiss Vintner had this to say:

"Yeah, well...when you live in the Lands of Adventure, surrounded by nubile, yet tenacious, Amazons, spelling and grammar is kind of irrelevant. Besides, the

text loses something in the translation from the original High Elvish.

"All we want is acceptance. It's just like in *Descent Into The Bowels of Hell* (Dungeon Module Z-38), where the characters had to climb

the crystal statue to get the key to the chest that had the +7 Sword of Rending in it, which they needed to get in order to slay the dragon Werghrattandien in order to res-

cue the virgin Princess Treila. Just like that. We've gotta take one step at a time, y'know"

"No comment," said U of A prez Saul Davensnork.



say it's just fuckin' lame. In order to "axe" these allegations, the University of Alberta Phantasy Gomers' Club recently issued a 690 page manifesto entitled *Opening Secret Doors*.

The document, released Friday, was well-received within the gomer community, but met with indifference (if not outright derision) outside of the suburban-base-

ment scene.

by Olgie Tchernyakiaskyvic

After the election of Miss America '92, SU president Torence Feelmyitch got an idea to organize his own university-wide beauty pageant.

"Miss U of A will obscure Miss America," said the pageant's coordinator, Lorie Feelmyitch, Torence's brother and a great SU enthusiast, who was mortified after his brother's death and vowed to carry on his brother's tradition. Ms. U of A still hasn't been elected, but the title of Mr. U of A '93 was recently awarded to the *Getaway's* Managing editor Squid Greymowsky.

Following numerous inquiries, we decided to publish an exclusive interview with Mr. U of A, Squid Greymowsky.

Q: Do you feel that something has changed in your life since you were awarded the title of Mr. University of Alberta?

A: Well, I don't really know...I don't feel any changes here, in the *Getaway* office (where I happen to be almost all of the time), but when the other day I

went to RATT to get some beer, everybody was looking at me, girls were pointing at me...you know...

Q: So, do you think you became a university-level celebrity?

A: Hmmm...probably...

Q: And how do you find it? Do you enjoy it?

A: Not really...I don't give a fuck about the whole thing.

Q: Are you considering a calendar?

A: The price would probably be too steep for the average woman to afford, so I doubt it.

Q: Well, but how about women? You probably have no difficulties finding girlfriends now.

A: Finding girlfriends? They are finding me. Constant love letters and phone calls are an immediate part of my normal work day at the *Getaway*. I receive invitations from girls almost every day, and I cannot even remember with whom I dined yesterday.

Q: And how do you feel about being an object of such great attention?

A: I don't give a fuck about it...Well,

as long as it doesn't grow into stalking and following me all around, especially in the *Getaway*.

Q: Are you going to compete for the title of Mr. Edmonton?

A: No. I am bored with publicity.

But what are the coworkers of Mr. U of A thinking?

According to *Squirts* editor Bub Hull the admirers are a pain in the neck to all the other editors.

"They are constantly around, messing in our way. You cannot take a step without running into one of them," says Bub.

"They are absolutely useless people, hanging around day and night," agreed News editor Gay Brun.

But *Getaway* Editor-in-Chief Semen Snotley has a different opinion. "The more people we have mooning around here for one reason or another, the better. I just pretend they're mooning over me—or mooning me," laughs Semen in a poor attempt at humour.

University president Saul Davensnork refused to comment to the *Getaway*.

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## U of A Intercession

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# "No comment," comments Davensnork

by Jubilee William and Tame Freebie

For the 300th consecutive day, president Saul Davensnork was unavailable for comment yesterday.

Though his receptionist said she would "pass on the message," *Getaway* News writers remained unbelieving.

In desperation, writers dressed up as window washers and scaled the wall outside of his \$28 billion office. They knocked on Davensnork's window, and caught sight of a bunny tail slipping beneath the desk. When Davensnork saw them he tried to knock them off (not noticing the pane of glass in the way), and closed the curtain.

In desperation, writers then dressed up as Campus Security investigators. They forced their way past the secretary who was screaming "I have my orders and no one's getting in!" right into Davensnork's office by flashing their "special con-

stable" badges. All they found was a pair of bunny ears lying on the desk.

ery boys carrying "top secret" packages from new SU prez Karey Woodchuk. His secretary said he

was in a meeting, but they overheard delighted bunny noises coming from Davensnork's office.

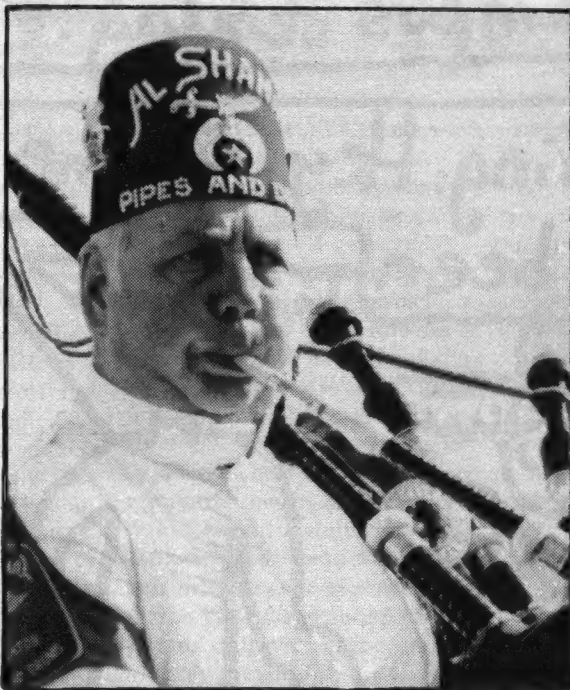
In desperation, writers dressed up as Jean Chretien and Sheila Copps. However, they were still not permitted access to the elusive Davensnork's office.

Before they left, the secretary said, "I don't care who you are, I have orders. Will you please leave the man alone?" *Getaway* writers noticed a trail of rabbit food leading to the adjacent parkade.

In desperation, writers dressed up as bunnies. The secretary ushered them politely into the office, saying, "I have my orders."

Upon entering the office, the writers launched a barrage of questions at Davensnork. With a stunned look, he responded, "No comment."

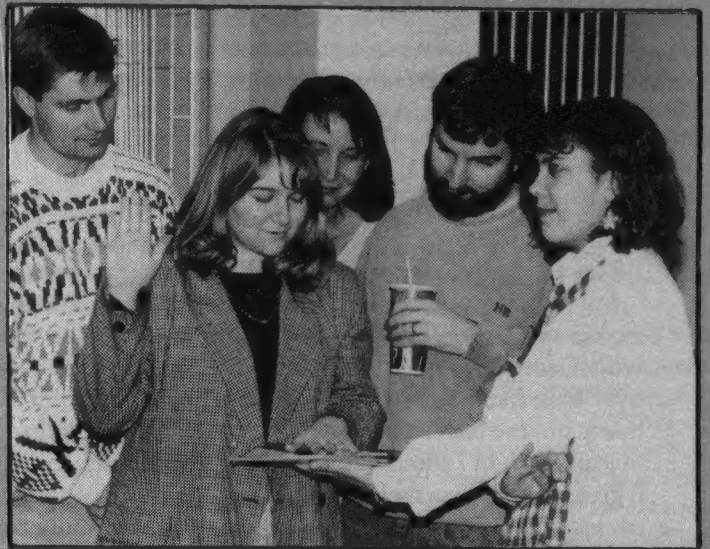
Make that 301 days.



**Soon to be outta here, U of A president and blower Saul Davensnork shows off his new hat. He was preparing for his new job as chief blower at the University of Western Ontario.**

In desperation, writers then dressed up as Campus mail deliv-

## The real winner takes over



**New Students' Union president Karey Woodchuk is sworn in yesterday in a solemn ceremony. Woodchuk said "How much wood could a woodchuk chuck if a woodchuk could chuck wood? Now's my chance to show how much wood I can chuck."**

**University president Saul Davensnork had no comment on the day's events, or anything else relevant this century.**

# Chests of treasures

by Tame Freebie

Sue, the bartender at RATT, was unprepared for the fabulous spectacle she was lucky enough to view late Monday night.

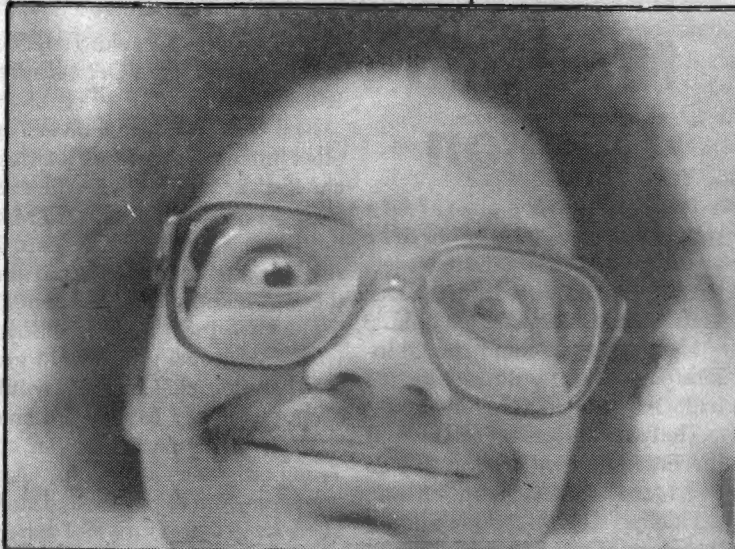
Ten men, several of whom were rumoured to be *Getaway* staff members, were spotted wearing only a semblance of what normal human beings would deem "appropriate dress." Rumour has it that caught up in a wild frenzy of George Thorogood enthusiasm, the men decided to expose their bare, or not-so-bare, chests to patrons of RATT.

The leader of the group of frenzied, half-naked men was no less than Semen Snotley, the esteemed editor of the *Getaway*. In a secret interview Snotley revealed to reporters the motive behind his uninhibited display of flesh.

"I was pressured into it....Tami didn't believe me when I told her about my incredibly toned and chiseled bod. I tried to fight it, but to tell you the truth, it felt good to

give in to my wild side. I really am 'Bad to the Bone'."

overheard saying, "Wow. Is that Mr. September from the 1991



**An astounded RATT patron is paralyzed with awe as *Getaway* editors bare their body parts. Other onlookers looked on, including Sue. Davensnork refused to comment on the events.**

Snotley was, indeed, the wildest of the bunch. An onlooker was

Chippendales' calendar? What a great butt."

Gay Brun, not to be outdone by Snotley's sensual performance on the table-top, joined his editor only after the reassurance of a *Getaway* co-worker, Spam Hiccup, who traced a figure eight on his bare chest with an ice-cube. Brun was unavailable for comment but agreed to sign a few autographs later in the evening.

An interesting contrast was provided by one Clarkish ManovSteele, who agreed to expose his ebony chest in the hopes that cross-cultural male bonding might occur. Similarly positive motives were expressed by several other of the exhibitionists, one of whom has been linked to the much revered "Monkey Society."

"We're misunderstood," said Squid Greymowsky. "We like to bare our chests outside of our natural environment. It may seem juvenile, but it's not a testosterone thing. We truly want to get in touch with our primitive side. Admittedly, it is a type of male-bonding, but we

have no qualms about allowing females in on our expressiveness."

The only other female present, Tami Freezone, was shocked and outraged at the display.

"I can't believe Semen was the only one willing to take off his pants. I am disappointed in the half-assed nature of the whole display. If you want to be noticed and respected by society you have to follow through. I feel sick inside when I think of how this opportunity to enrich our culture was wasted in drunken debauchery."

The Fucking Hemp Fairy was quoted as saying, "Skanky."

University president Saul Davensnork was unavailable for comment.

Though originally inspired by alcohol and wild music, the fleshy display thus becomes another episode in the sad disintegration of our times. It is difficult to pinpoint just who is to blame. Sue is currently participating in group therapy.

**SEMEN FACTS: IT EXISTS. IT IS ALL AROUND YOU. YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FROM IT NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO.**

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# MONKEEING

Monkeeing Auditor Squid Greymowsky 492-6969

## Lords of Scum

You know what sucks?

I'll tell you what sucks. The SU, whiny students, bad spelling, equal hiring policies, the Oilers, L'Express, the unilateral system that serves only to reward the genocidal corporate elite of our society, big tits, pot-heads, budget cuts, final exams, apathy, shitty profs, that episode of *Star Trek* where Data turns bad and joins the Borg, Darren Zenko, comic strips, dead batteries, ugly people, people who take offense to comments like that, etc.

I could bitch and bitch about anything really, you'll read it, and that'll be that. Kinda pointless? I think so. There's no reason to make you guys worry about something you didn't care about in the first place. So I thought I'd take a couple of minutes to tell you about my ass.

My ass is a wonderful thing. It is firm and round and makes me all comfy when I'm sitting. It's right up there with George Michael and Cindy Crawford. I can't get over how incredible it is. It's just so flawless. It's not too hairy, not too bare, almost a perfect circle, and looks great in jeans. When I stand naked with my back to the mirror, it gives me a warm feeling all over my body. I really enjoy my ass and I hope you can too. If there was a TV show that featured my ass, I'd tape every episode (so long as it's not on at the same time as *Babylon 5*). They're actually going to test the Hubble Space Telescope by seeing if it can form a clear picture of my ass. If the Queen could knight someone's ass, mine would be first on the list. People from all over the world flock to my house just to get a glimpse of it. The value of my ass is so high that I had to take out three insurance policies on it. Only my ass is so assful that it actually produces Newton's "Ass Effect." If my ass were president it'd be Dwight D. Assenhower. And, man this is getting old.

(For an autographed picture of my ass, write to : Your Mom)

MONKEYS!!!

—Papa D. Ont, Anus Editor



## THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA GETAWAY

Published Since November 21, 1910, God knows why  
Readership 300. Maybe.  
Volume 83 Issue 26

Advertising 492-4241, Room 234 SUB

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ManOfSteel, Justin Tyme, John 3:16, Gurdeep Saliwalhia,  
Tearin' Filaments, Beeman (Who is Batman in another dimen-  
sion), Bib Fortuna, Jeff "my ex-girlfriend's father's desk" Alpine,  
and this issue goes to Fish Griukowsky, who is the most impor-  
tant person in the universe.

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## L E T T E R S

### My Valid Opinion

I would like to complain about a couple of things, nine or ten to be vaguely exact. Firstly, the news section of the *Getaway*. It just sucks. Man it stinks. Oh yeah. Uh huh.

Next comes to mind the Opinions page. It really stinks. Man it's bad. Oh yeah. Uh huh.

The list continues as I think about the Entertainment section. It's so bad. Man I hate it. Oh yeah. Uh huh.

Finally, I'd like to complain about the Sports/Comics section. I hate it so. Man it sucks. Oh yeah. Uh huh.

Thank you for your time. I have to get back the mental institution now and rip bits of my skin off.

Joe Ass

### The Adventure Continues...

Once, when I was being Iguanias, when I was playing Advanced Dungeons and Dragons, I saw a Orc. Yeah, and he looked at me, eh? So then? I saw him. And he, he withdrew his sword! So then anyway, I saw a Orc and he had his sword out and I was going to kill him, eh? Because he was going to cut me with his sword, eh? So but then, I fell. I fell into, into like a pit, eh?

And my sword, my sword it fell too and I couldn't kill a Orc because I fell, eh?

And then I went to a tavern another time and there was a waitress, eh? But she had sex with me even though I was a, I was a Lizard Man, but I was a smart Lizard Man. So she had intercourse with me and, then? You know what happened?

She gave me a blow job! Boy, I wish, I wish real girls would give me a blow job, eh? Cuz then I would be popular, eh? My Lizard man character is popular, is popular, eh? Yeah, everyone loves him. And gives him, him blow jobs and stuff. Then, he gets treasure and experience points too. Yeah. He does.

The kids at school? The used to tell me that my Dad, my Dad cuz he was in prison? Yeah. That My Dad, he didn't love me and that he bent over for the soap. But if you dropped it, you'd have to, eh? So yeah. I play Advanced Dungeons and Dragons alone, eh? Cuz the guys I used to play with, well they stole my treasure once when my character, he was sleeping. So I'd like to complain about, to complain about those guys, eh? Ok.

D. Carle

### Keep Calm...

HEY YOU FUCKING GOD-DAMNED SHIT-SUCKING STU-

PID ASSWIPING FUCKING STINKIN RETARD CUNT BAG SHIT BEETS LICK-MOMMING BUTT-SNIFFIN HAIRY CAT-TOUCHING FEET-SMELLIN ASS-CRABBING OLD FAT GAY DEAD STRAIGHT YOUNG FINE HATE-HEADED...

Man, I should get some professional help...

Fred Hate

### Hey, Quit it!

Yes, um, yes, I'd like to complain about all the swearing in the *Getaway*. It seems that you think that using foul language enhances your arguments, but in actuality, I tend to find that it weakens it. Being in print is a privilege which should not be abused by less than mature cursory expulsions.

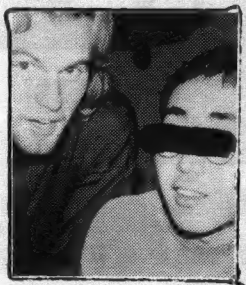
Come on people, kids read this paper. Grow up!

No real joke here, except that the same fucking letter gets written every year, then we swear at the end of it. It's not really funny or anything, but this ain't Shakespeare, baby, so quit complaining. As well, stop bitching about your student union fees going to the paper, because advertising pays for us. So if we don't deliver to you, or you don't like something that goes in here, that's just too bad isn't it? Write a letter or get a hobby, man.

D. Editors



## t h e C A S S A R E A N



Squid Greymowsky

## Gh.

I know you remember your sexual awakening. Maybe it was a hot episode of *B.J. And The Bear* or an erotic *Little House and the Prairie*. It doesn't matter which sitcom or TV drama spawned it. Everyone's first sexual encounter involved an American prime-time production and an incredible bout of adolescent masturbation.

Consequently, it is masturbation which I am writing about today. Actually, the evolution of my sexual perversion is my topic.

As I may have indicated, *B.J. And The Bear* made for my first version of female objectification. There was this one adventure where the *B.J.* babes were forced to litter themselves and their pants in order to save the day. They pretended they were sexy sluts and the young viewer had no choice but to experience his or her own first boner.

I whipped up a quick excuse for a bath so my mom wouldn't realize my sinister plan.

"Ya, um mom, I'm gonna wash my dirty knees."

"Yes son," she said, ignoring my every word. "As long as they clean up their mess."

My first jack-off was beautifully planned. I was to sing, as usual, as I went about my bath. However, in secrecy I would be manipulating my little dink so as to cause my first orgasm. I went about it silently and carefully. The last thing I wanted to do was hurt my penis or my reputation as an asexual young punk. Unfortunately, when rub came to stroke, I whacked my tiny machine like a bunny prepares her carrot. With no attention to comfort or delicacy, I smacked my monkey around like it was an invincible tool. It had a job to do. My wang had to define my sexual be-

ing.

As might be expected, my first experience with masturbation did not go so smoothly. It was interesting, but the whole concept of orgas-



mic frenzy had not yet opened itself up to me. Yet from this moment on, I knew that my penis would be my surrogate brain, that which defined my future states of mind.

Finally, I turned 21. The hair and

sweat which lived on my right palm had coagulated into a greasy, tangled mess. My eight years of wang-whacking were to come to an end. A girl appeared upon my unfortunate horizon. She was slim. She wore a mean, dark pair of tights.

She set me on fire. Before I had a chance to manipulate myself, she leaped upon me and gyrated on my dink. I spewed immediately. Don't laugh. It was so tasty and exciting that she agreed to a long-term sexual liaison.

We did it all. I admitted to my fascinations with dental accessories and primates. We fucked like the cast of *Star Trek*. It was gorgeous.

She eventually sought the dink of another. Obviously her mind was taken over by the spirit of manure. Besides me, every other male is a big piece of reeking shit.

I am now a raving gigolo. Every woman loves me as much as I love

myself. Every night that I don't masturbate myself to sleep, I throw my chunk into a moist, young sweetie-pie.

The last sentence is, in fact, a grand fiction. I hardly ever get laid. When I do, I blow my manly heat in the first few seconds of action. The important aspect of this article is its universal application.

Every one of you remembers a sexual wake-up call. Every one of you masturbates on a regular basis (especially me!), and everyone loves to get laid.

Whether or not I get laid every night, or every one in one-hundred nights, I need sex and I brag about sex. I'll brag about anything and sex is just another notch in my *Getaway* calendar. As long as I continue writing, irrelevance does not exist. I will remember. I will jack-off. I will get a blow-job whenever I can. And I will tell you about it.

## A B S O L U T E C R A P



Trevor Locust and Red Tide

## JESUS!

Of the thirty-thousand mentally incarcerated at the University of Alberta, are we the only two to have seen the confirmation of God's greatest promise?

Take out your *Getaway* from Thursday past and have a look at one of the several pictures of Monkeeing Auditor Squid Greymowsky. Now flip to the "Monkey" section and look at the picture of "David Zero-LeHemp—Demagogue." Notice any similarities? Who do these people remind you of? How about a small hint? "Suffer the little university students to come unto me." For those who have not yet clued in, we're talking about our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We bring to the fine students of this institution the startling facts behind what may be the greatest event in the history of our university. Not since the killing spree of the late Pontius Feelmyitch, in which he aided in the crucifixion of one beloved Bear, have we witnessed such a watershed event.

It was written in the bible that God would again send his Son to the Earth to rid the planet of all sin in a final cleansing of fire.

According to our research, Jesus has been running the show up in the *Getaway* office for years; eighty-four years to be exact (That is, since 1910 for you Arts people). In fact, there is evidence to show that not only was He the first Editor-in-

Chief, but that He was solely responsible for the newspaper's miraculous birth.

Why then, you ask does the *Getaway* staff change every year if Christ is supposedly the one that has always run the place? Most of the early editors looked nothing like Jesus. The answer may be more simple than it would seem. You see, to infiltrate the thoughts of a university, let alone the entire



world, is an intricate task, even for an immortal being. Trust must be earned and faith must be built; an event performed every day in Humanities, but rare in the rest of the world. Jesus wisely chose to do this by reaching out to the masses through the almighty media, with the support of His disciples.

From the infantile stages of the *Getaway* up until the late eighties Christ assumed many inconspicuous roles. It is only as of late that we see the aesthetic Jesus we have

adored in chapels for centuries.

We analyzed the complex problem and have derived a pattern from it. In fact, it is because of this discovered pattern we are able to predict who Jesus will next bless with embodiment. At present we have Squid Greymowsky, an editor who looks more like Christ than his predecessor, who, in turn, looked more like Christ than his...etc. It is established that each new editor of the *Getaway* be graced with having Christ reveal more of his divine appearance. As well, each new editor will have more in common with the Jesus of the past. Squid, for instance, shares a common love with the Christ of the first century. As we all know, Jesus was a fisherman. Squid, well, he is just called that. Sort of. Also Squid has exactly twelve friends/disciples (Jubilee William, Gay Brun, Wretched Sandpaper to name a few) who aid Him with his task. The facts are indisputable—God has given us the knowledge.

In knowing that, allow us to make some predictions.

To find a probable editor of next year's *Getaway*, look no further than the man who could pass for Christ at this moment: David Zero-LeHemp. Although his aspirations may not include becoming one of the editing staff, based on his looks alone he qualifies. After all, one must never judge a being on superficial qualities. It is Zero's quiet persona and urgent quest for justice which validates his eligibility. His passive and peaceful conviction is, aside from his physical ap-

pearance, his most God-like attribute. However, perhaps the most likely editor of next year's *Getaway* is Godd Babyuk. At present he looks little like our Savior, but observe the changes which have recently begun and will surely continue during the summer. His return to second floor SUB will be accented by his sporting of a full beard, lengthy hair and sandals. Godd will not know why he changed, only that he will have some urge to fulfill a prophecy.

This leads us to the future which is not so easy to predict. However,

there are some facts that must be presented. We both enjoy birthdays on the twenty-fifth of December, and we both mark it by traveling back to the trough where they were born. We also have a well known fetish for quoting passages from the book of Ezekiel, a habit frowned upon by their virgin mothers. It would almost appear that the Dynamite Duo may one day enjoy the presence of Christ inside of them, but at the moment such speculation is blasphemy.

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# I THINK I'M COOL



David Zero  
LeHemp

## T L F

### A conspiracy in action, man

"Open your eyes, folks, and watch the real world unfolding in front of them."—me

We have a great opportunity here, man. We can witness the Feelmyitch coverup as it happens. We don't have to dig through all the files and all the authoritarian crap to get to the truth, man. It's here, man. It's real. It's happening. Give me a toke, man.

Ahhhhh, yes. Columbian weed. Soothes the pain. Erases the memories, the terrible memories. I lie awake at night, thinking, thinking, thinking. "If only I'd checked that bunker before I threw that grenade

in there! I didn't know it was full of women and children! When will it be over? When will those tireless eternal ghosts let me rest! I didn't want to go to 'Nam! I love dogs! Love them! Please... please... let me...

Rest."  
Sorry. Got a little sidetracked there, man. Feelmyitch. Right.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm not any big Feelmyitch fan. He's an authoritarian just like all the others. He believes in maintaining hierarchical structures and representative democracy and all that bullshit!

Anarchy, man! Yeah! Cows run home! Yeah! Man! Man, man.

Just a little anarchistic outburst there, man. But there's more to anarchy than no rules. Anarchy means we all get together and vote on shit, man. And that's what we didn't get to do with this Feelmyitch crap. Nobody voted on whether or not we should kill him. Nobody voted on who should replace him, or if anybody should replace him. Nobody voted on whether McDonalds should just change over so that all of their shakes are made out of frozen yogurt! Nobody asked me, man! I could have

told them! Just like 'Nam, man. Just like when we go the order to take out that weapons depot, man. I looked over at Scully and said, "Man, man, if we had an egalitarian decision-making process based on direct vote, I bet we'd not be attacking that base this day."

He just looked at me and said, "Pass the pepper."

"Man," I added. We were in a Vietnamese restaurant at the time. Sorry. Where was I?

Oh yeah. Feelmyitch. The big coverup.

Some details that didn't make it to the oppressive, mainstream

media:

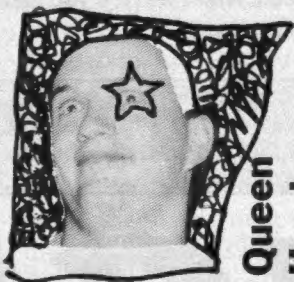
- What about all the people that flashed Campus Security credentials at the site of the shooting, and whose existence was later denied by Campus Security? Who were they working for, and why?

- How can there be a parade when any fool can tell by the photos that the vehicle is not moving?

- Where's my hair? C'mon, guys. I know one of you has it.

Why go on, man? Every time I write an article or break a law nobody cares. Are you guys all beanheads or what? Can I ever expect a reaction out of you? Hello? Man.

# ONE in ELEVEN



Queen  
Handsome

## GAY, YOU!

Hello. I've been away for a long time, so I'd like to address a few letters. Firstly, to Steve, no.

Dan, the letter you wrote, well, yes.

Jeff, no.

Alan, yes.

Bill—really good stuff, but what's with the shoehorn?

Ok, now can anybody tell me what the deal with "cabbaging" is? I've been asking a few people around, but anyone who knows the answer can send me a letter to the *Getaway*, because Squid's wall isn't quite full enough.

And speaking of him, he and Entertainment Editor Slave Tombstone have come out of the closet. Great, guys! You're an inspiration to us all. I think, though, you should quit screwing so many women all the time if you're actually serious. See, the actual point of coming out of the closet would seem to be an admission that you prefer men. And that's a good admission. But continuing to act in a blatantly breeder fashion seems to dismiss the validity of your claim. Maybe it's just me.

Ok, I'm going to list off some companies now. Benneton, Sears, The Bay, Trojan, Coca Cola, Spam, *Details* magazine, *Cats* magazine, *Playboy* magazine, *Advocate*, Nike, Dole, Sun-Rype, Warner Brothers, The Jacket Potato Man, *Cats* magazine, Cooper, *Sesame Street*, ETS, Swatch, and Taco Time.

Moving on to another subject, how is it that so many gay and/or lesbians claim to be straight? Like what about Tom Selleck? Give me a break! Or Bill Clinton? Or Beeman, who is Batman in another dimension? Like that guy isn't tucking in his caped assistant Hosé, who is Robin in another dimension, into bed at night. And how about the

editors of *Cats* magazine? Like come on guys. Try to show that you actually like pussy a little more.

Christian Fundamentalists. They really get to me. Look pals, don't tell me what to do and I won't tell you what to do—except right there, which I had to. So I guess if I tell you not to tell me what to do, you owe me one thing you can tell me not to do, but just don't tell me what to do if it's something that I want to do, as long as wanting to tell me what to do isn't the main thing that you want to do. Or is it that I want to do? Look, fuck off.

How about those Oilers? I think if we disenfranchise the players and allow them to serve as Free Agents about the league, supply and demand alone will decide if

we have a National League team in E-town. Now all of you griping about a massive revenue loss should consider that if the consumer dollar is not spent lining Peter Pocklington's wallet and Northlands' purse, smaller businesses will have a more fair chance



to flourish. Albeit the Calgary-Edmonton war would finally result in our southern adversary taking the red ribbon, but I think it is important to consider that the development of our city into a more diverse metropolis far exceeds any

tribal rivalries.

As a last note, I'd like to say that being gay is cool and affordable. See, I never had to worry about hockey and other such trivialities, but I still think that cutting the campus football team was bad and that Torrence got what he deserved.

Oh yes, he got what he deserved. Not that I killed him.

No, don't think that.

It's just not true.

I'm not being defensive—why is it always me that's being defensive? Maybe it's you! You ever think of that? You should.

Hrm.

**HEY, IS IT  
JUST ME, OR  
IS THIS GUY  
IN EVERY  
SINGLE  
PORNO EVER  
MADE?**



Hey kids!  
Watch me pull a party  
out of my hat.

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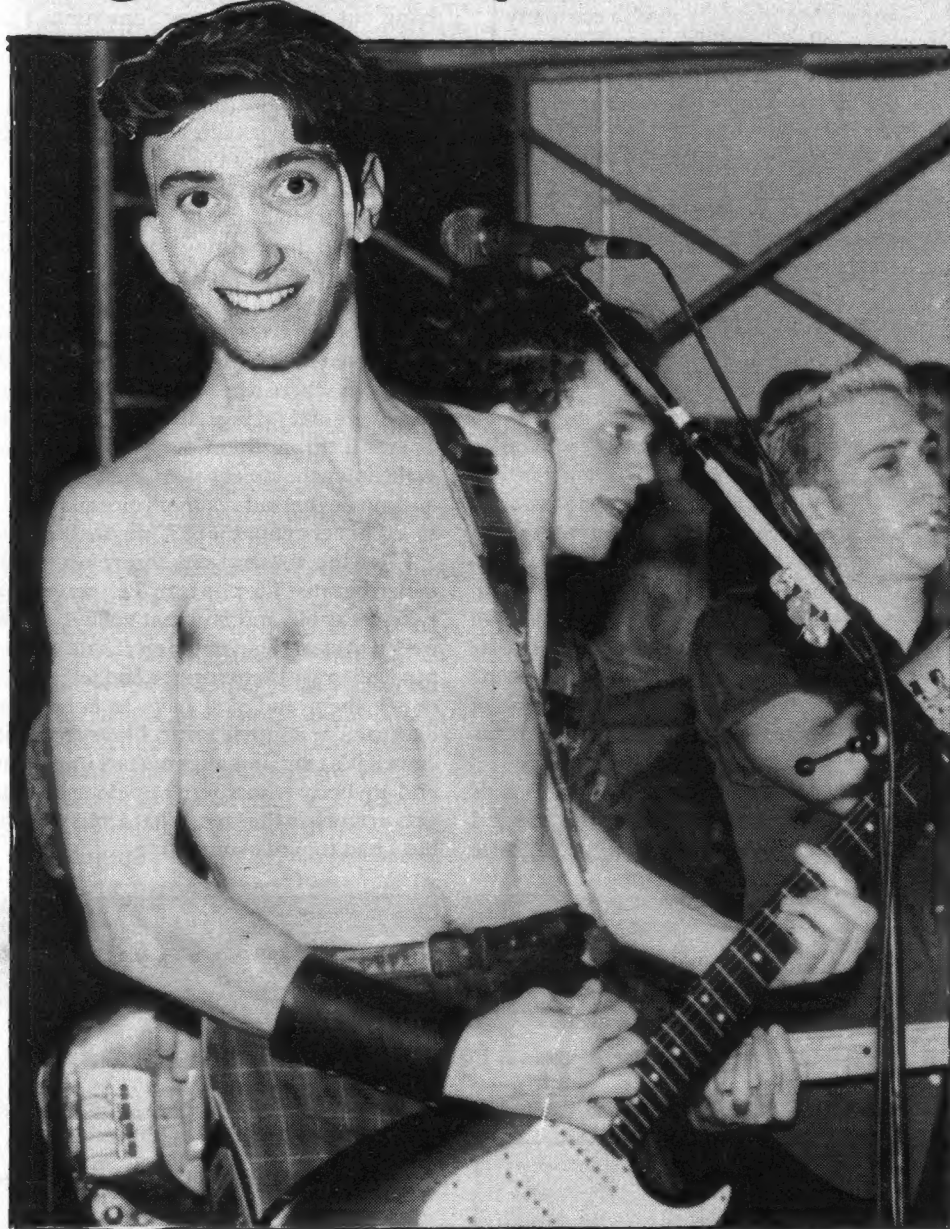


# EMBARASSMENT

Embarrassed Editor Slave Tombstone 492-POOP

## HERO WORSHIP

The greedy Edo Simplistic Orchestra cash in on death with Feelmyitch Oratorio



Kunny Gooney

**Definition host Jim Perry undergoes six hours of intense plastic surgery to become Torence in the rather confusing production of *The Feelmyitch Oratorio***

*The Feelmyitch Oratorio*  
The Edo Simplistic Orchestra  
starring Barry White, Jim Perry and Al Waxman  
Jubilee Auditorium  
until hell freezes over

preview by Graveet Sundstona

"He was a hero unlike any other," remarks Edo Simplistic Orchestra conductor Ubi Mokey. "I think it is only appropriate that we give him the huge mother singing and dancing piece before that Lloyd Webber bastard beats us to it."

Torence Feelmyitch is the hero Mokey speaks of, and starting this weekend mourning Edmontonians can remember the slain Students' Union leader in a specially commissioned work to be performed by the Edo Simplistic Orchestra. Entitled the *Feelmyitch Oratorio*, it tells the story of an ambitious young student whose hard work leads him down the path of glory and pontification, until his gallant heart is stopped dead by the fury of an assassin.

The story will cover all the major points of Feelmyitch's life, such as his first day at school, potty training, and learning to read, not necessarily in that order. Mokey is confident that the six and a half hour epic will thrill audiences, if not make them shit their pants.

"Jim Perry (of *Definition*) has done such a remarkable job at making Filewych seem much more interesting than he was in real life," says Mokey. "I mean, let's face it, he was only the president of the Students' Union. It's not like he was the president of the United States. The only reason I'm doing this damn thing is because somebody paid us a whole lot of money and said that if we didn't do it, they'd shut us down and we'd have to get jobs doing music for cartoons. Hey, you're not taping this are you?"

Al Waxman was also brought in to add some credibility as U of A president Saul

Davensnork. According to the story of the *Oratorio*, Davensnork sought Feelmyitch out of obscurity and brought him to the dizzying heights of power. In one particularly touching scene, they sing about teddy bears and yanking their eyes out. Mokey denies any parallels between this scene and the recent beheading of the Golden Bares football program.

"What? I never said such a thing!" says the happy little man. "Look, you keep misquoting me, and I'll fucking kill you. Turn off that goddamn tape recorder, you shit!"

Perhaps the toughest bit to swallow will be the reenactment of the assassination, which Mokey insists will be done with absolute taste and dazzling wonder.

"What the fuck do you think we're doing here?" explains Mokey with typical flair. "Yeah, as if we're gonna have blood bags and stuff spewing into the audience. Tickets to this thing are gonna cost a hundred and fifty bucks a crack, and that's for the nose bleeds. We want to make some cash off this, so if we're hurling shit on the audience they're not gonna come back, see? Jesus, you think we're doing a fucking slasher movie here? Hey, what did I say? Turn off that tape recorder, or I'll smash your fucking lights out!"

The great highlight of the *Oratorio* is the use of Barry White as the voice of God, who rises up to claim the spirit of the heroic Feelmyitch while singing "Crushed Velvet Heaven," an ode to the hereafter Feelmyitch shall see as his Valhalla. Mokey is most proud of this moment.

"Okay, I've had a few drinks, I've calmed down," says Mokey. "Oh yeah, White. He's got this voice ya know? It'd make my mother cream her jeans, and she's deadlier than Filewych."

There is one question remaining. Why is Feelmyitch a hero?

"Hey, man," says Mokey before he passes out. "Just because."

## I LOOOOVE DRUGS MAAAAAN!

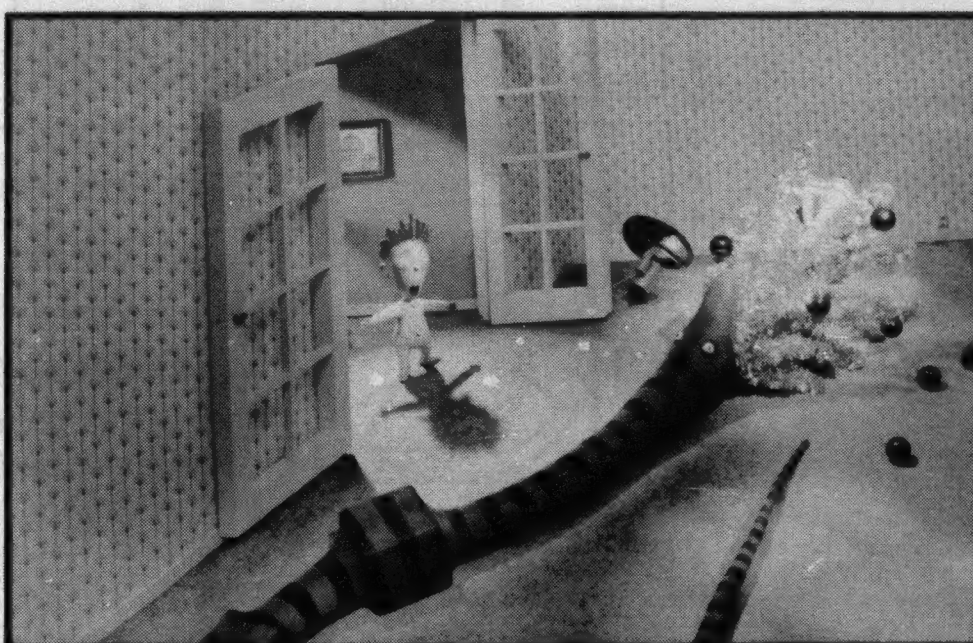
The Fat Chick From Wilson Phillips  
The Bracks  
December 12

review by Devo Race Babylon

So I totally dig punk music. I grabbed a whole pile of drugs to see this show. Early on the morning of the gig I took a whole two hits of drugs before grabbing a bag of drugs to completely understand the procedural universe I was to understand. Them drugs was pretty cool. My friend knew where to find some perfect drugs so we took some pretty hard drugs and drove to his house (we were pretty stoned). The show didn't start until ten so we figured that we better take some drugs before we planned on getting to the Bracks. The Fat Chick From Wilson Phillips is a pretty pro-drug bunch, so we wanted to be in full form before revealing ourselves to the band.

For supper we ate some drugs and then we sniffed some pretty tasty drugs for dessert. After those drugs we found some guy who told us there would be some drugs for sale before the concert. We cruised to the Whyte Avenue gazebo and some lunatic was giving away some free drugs so we grabbed a handful each and headed to the LRT.

Happily enough, some guy on the train had some drugs so we all lit up and smoked



some drugs before we got off. On the walk to the Bracks we got stoned because some girl I was hitting on had some drugs. We all smoked some and then sniffed some more she had in her pocket. It ruled.

We got into the Bracks too early so me and my friend went out to shoot up some drugs. We knew that drugs always help when you're frustrated. Man, were we frustrated!

At about nine o'clock we got bored so we went outside to check out the drug situation. Everyone had some drugs inside them so we realized that we had to look somewhere else to look for drugs. We walked down the street and accosted some old druggy-lookin' guy.

"Hey man, can you get us some drugs?" we asked.

"Listen kids," he moaned, "Drugs are

drugs and life is life. If I sell you drugs I want you to assure me that you will always be fine young Business students."

"Yes sir!" we beamed in unison. It would be a good night of drugs.

Just before the band came on stage we took some drugs which were not too powerful so we took some more drugs to supplement them. Obviously, the band knew all about drugs so they had taken some drugs before their stage presence, which was based wholly on drugs. Drugs man, nothing is cooler.

My friend and I were so full of drugs that the band had become a drug-frenzied blur. My only remembrance of the evening is an estranged drug-seller named Carl who wanted to sell us a whole pile of drugs before he hopped the plane back to Spanish Morocco. I know the drugs were good. I'm pretty sure the band was good. The only thing that worries me is my next shipment of drugs.

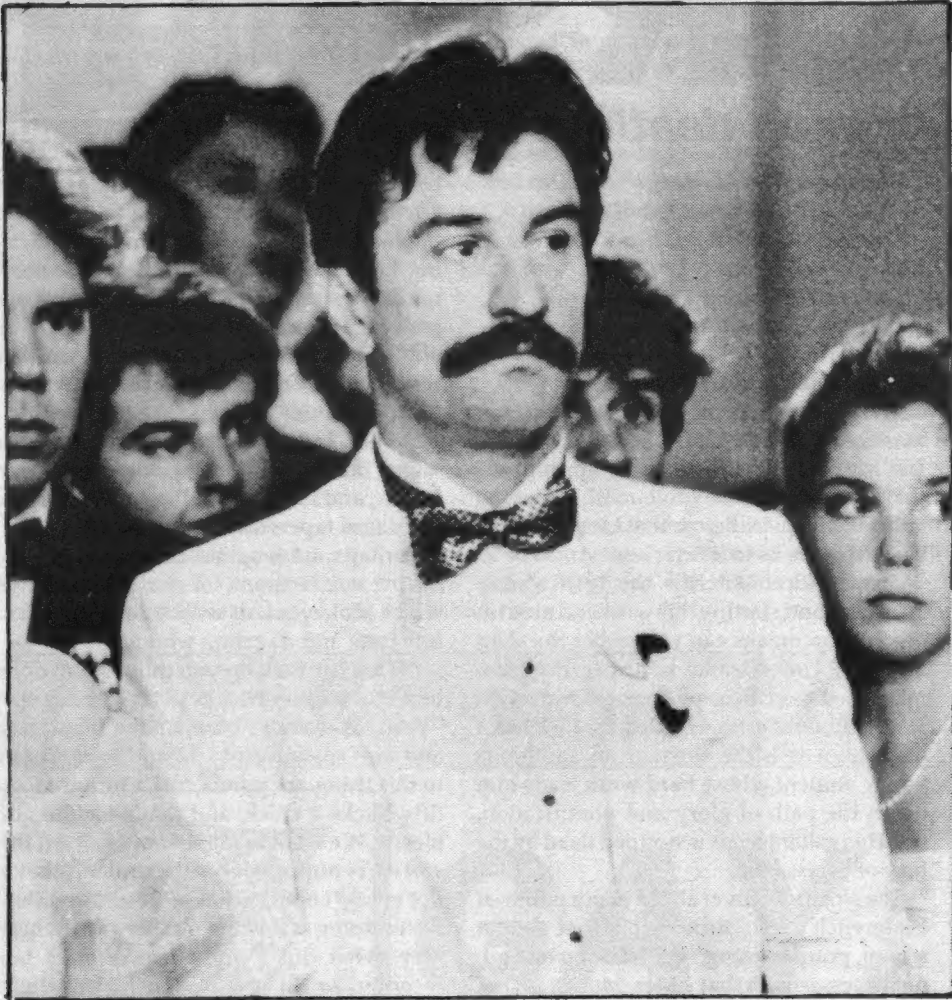
How can drugs be a huge and important Generation X-type of thing if I can't even be sure where my next shipment of drugs is coming from? I need drugs; I am drugs; all of you must realize that it is all drugs...drugs...drugs. Music cannot be tolerated without drugs. My existence depends on drugs. Hey drugs, I know this is sudden, but will you marry me?



s o m e t h i n g s d u m b

# So what if it was bad, I saw it for free

Robert De Niro was in it, we think...oh who cares, it was free and that's what matters



some movie I saw for free  
starring Robert De Niro or someone like  
that  
directed by someone I really feel sorry  
for  
some stupid greedy movie company

review by Flem Whadd

So I'm standing in line waiting to get free stuff. The usher, who can't be over fourteen, tells me he doesn't know anything about a screening. I punch him in the face, and I think that was appropriate. This movie stunk. In fact it was so bad I don't remember what it was called. I think Robert De Niro was in it, or some really intense guy like that who screams and waves his arms around a lot. I wish these serious actor types would calm down and punch someone right in the face.

I think there was a woman in it, but I generally ignore movies with weepy women in them. They scream and yell, then they break down in cry. I like strong women. Women who wouldn't think twice about punching you in the face if you started getting moody. Anyway, I think this woman was somebody's wife, and she's having an affair with this other guy who looks like he could fuck for a year and never sweat. So the moody intense guy gets upset but instead of punching somebody he goes and visits his brother. Jesus!

So the rest of the movie goes on like this, or at least I think it does because I fell asleep. I went to the bar that was outside the theatre

and had a few before going to this stinking movie. I suggest that you do the same if you're eager to waste ten bucks or however much it is to see a movie nowadays. I don't have to pay to see stuff like this because I hang out at the *Getaway*. Sometimes I just push my way in if I don't have a pass. I'm a movie critic. Why should I have to pay to see the trash they keep making? I can pretend to be a serious movie critic and go to screenings just like those idiots at the big papers who don't know what they're talking about. I know what I like, and this movie was not it.

If I could do anything about it, I'd punch the director in the face and tell him to start making some real movies about how people would really act. I mean, if I were that intense whiny De Niro guy, I'd walk into the bedroom where Mr. Fuck Machine and my wife were and I'd beat them with a huge bat. Then I'd throw them out and make them walk down the street naked. But that's mean, and movies nowadays are all nice and weepy, so I'd never get to make a movie like that.

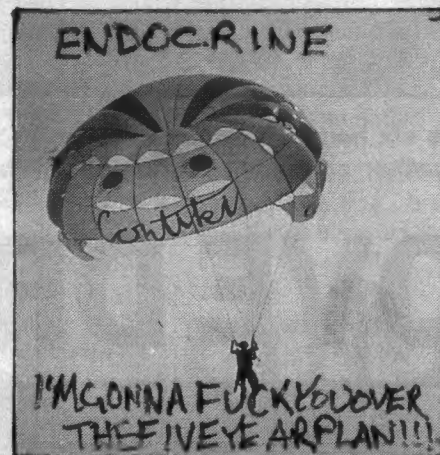
I left the theatre and threw up on the usher, because the popcorn they served was two weeks old and had that yellow crap all over it. At least I got it for free. I hate movies, but I get to see them for free and tell you not to see them and you have to believe me because I'm a movie critic. I love free stuff, even if it's crap. It makes me feel important, and anybody who doesn't treat me like that gets a punch in the face. What a lousy movie, but I had to write something.

excreta

## Things you can do this weekend...

- pretend you're a monkey. Or a frog. Or a freak. Masturbate. Stick a pen in your eye.
- go get drunk, throw up on someone, excuse yourself, and get in a fight. Then break up with your girl/boyfriend and be in misery for the holidays. Merry Christmas. Now get lost.

r e m e m b e r  
v i n y l ?



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Wow. So, like, Slave reached into the swirling vortex of his desk and throws this thing at me. First I'm really mad, but then he says, "Chill. It's free. Review it, man, and you get to keep it." I thought to myself, man, what a deal. A free tape. What a nice guy Slave is. In fact, last week, I was walking to class and he walked by me, and I said, "Hey Slave, how are ya man?" He turned around and smiled and said, "Hey, man, pretty good. What's up?" So I said, "Ah man, I got a paper due tomorrow, and I haven't started it yet." So

Slave says to me, "Hey, what's your paper on?" So I tell him. "It's on the transitory state of Ishiguro's books. You know, dreams and memory and stuff like that." Well, Slave smiles and nods his head. "Hey, I did a paper like that a few years back. How about you come by my house tonight with twenty bucks and I let you...ah...borrow it?" And I'm thinking to myself, "All right!" I asked him what he got on it and he said he got an 8. Holy shit! And that night I saw the paper for myself, and fucking right on! He did get an eight. I slip him a twenty note and get myself an eight in the class the next day. Slave is such a nice guy.

Oh yeah, the tape sucked.  
Tube Bubblyuk

I do not have a little  
problem. I have a very  
BIG problem. When I  
think of what it is, I'll let  
you know.

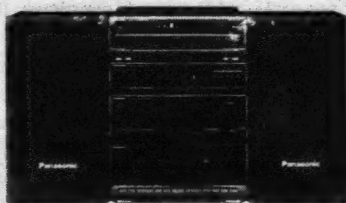
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m a s t u r b a t i o n

# Do you like my bra?

**Sole Assholes show up for the interview, but that's not very interesting**

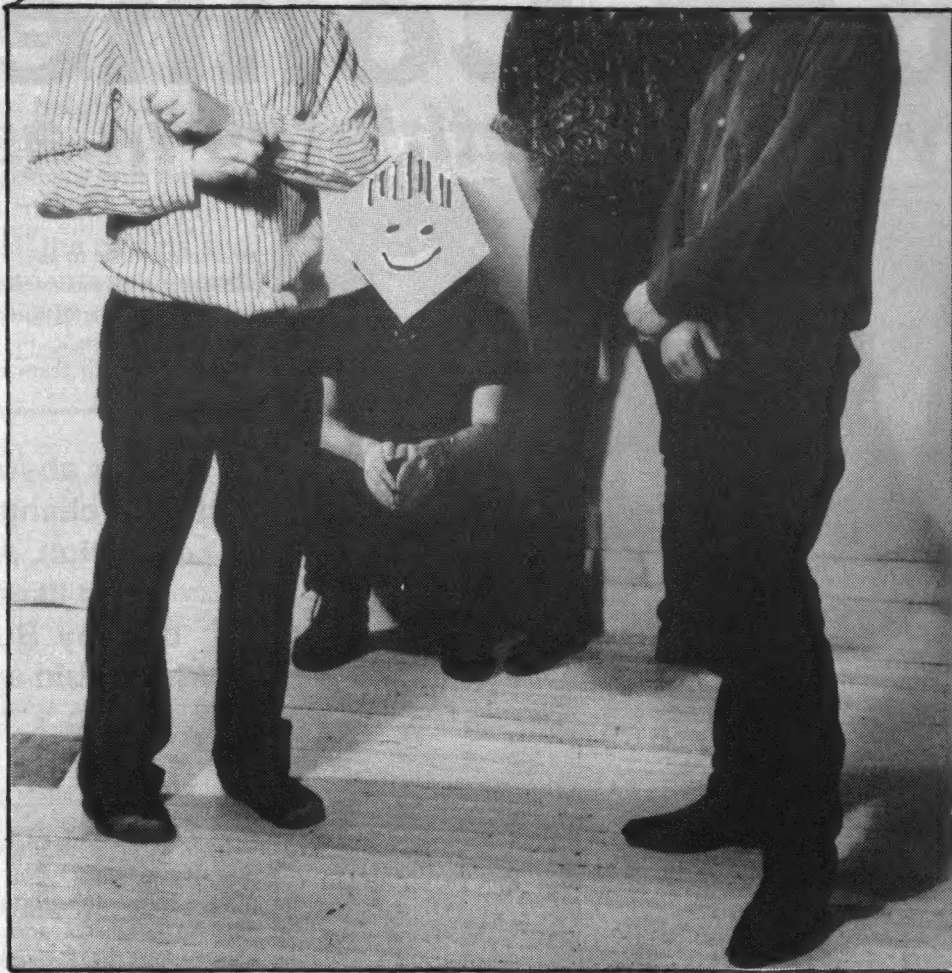
Sole Assholes  
Dumwoodies Hovel  
Dec. 12

interview by Slave Tombstone

As I lit my seventh cigarette, a stylish Benson & Hedges with a long, pretentious filter, I leafed through the latest *Details*. I brushed my hand through my short, yet attractive coif, looking about for the band I was to speak with. They had phoned me at my office the day before and I had benevolently agreed to indulge them with a talk. I rolled up the sleeves of my pressed designer plaid Polo, revealing, not surprisingly, my arms. My Gucci continued to mark the passage of time, time which I did not necessarily have to be wasted talking with the little people.

Today's interview would be with Sole Assholes, a band which both Jay Leno and Rita McNeil had described as "the finest live act in Lower Canada... although the bassist suffers from paranoid delusions, the rest of the band's performance can be best described as Perfectly Sassy."

I next flipped through the latest issue of *Cats* magazine, adjusting the ring, both silver and white gold, that I had mail-ordered from *Playboy*. My white spandex tights hugged gently my ever-precious crotch. K-Mart had done well. But nothing was to top the pink lacey bra which I wore about my torso. Its blue beads shone in the sunlight, reflecting just perfectly my hazel eyes which stared longingly into them. From Saan I had



**This is a badly cut photo and it's only because we don't care. WE ARE TIRED, DO YOU HEAR? TIRED! We want to go home. I miss my mommy. Are you reading this?**

bought topper to my exquisite garb. The bunny ears I sported showed my true independence from Indie and Mainstream music.

I licked at my sneakers, which I had picked up at Bi-Way for six dollars. They tasted vaguely of sulphur, probably from the time I had been rummaging about in parked train cars with the Ous brothers, Hi and Larry. Through my gold-like reading glasses, which were almost but not quite anywhere near

**I licked at my sneakers, which I had picked up at Bi-Way for six dollars. They tasted vaguely of sulphur, probably from the time I had been rummaging about in parked train cars with the Ous brothers, Hi and Larry.**

my prescription, I gazed at my beets.

Obviously the medication was taking effect. I stood up and gazed into the mirrored surface of wall beside me. My hockey helmet, pink tank-top and cowboy boots spoke to me and they said "You're cool."

I slapped my ass three times and ran out into the street screaming "Fellatio! Fellatio!" I pulled out my phallus and marked my territory on the nearest Handicapable parking zone.

The band arrived and I talked to them, but who cares about them?

## SAVE US FROM THE MISERY

The Star Trek Channel  
premiering Jan. 1, 1994  
on a nerdy TV

preview by Juel Oregeno

Space. The final frontier. Now you can spaz out and rot on your couch with the advent of a new channel provided by a bunch of no-lives in Tuscon, Arizona. The greatest wish of smelly, toe-chewing, testicle-revealing nasty boys has come true with STAR TREK: THE CHANNEL.

Aside from showing just about every epi-

**If you read this and feel a tingling in your lower quadrants, you are a retard. Do yourself a favour, okay? Buy a beer. Get drunk. Throw up, and pass out. Get a job. Bathe. And forget about revolving your pathetic creepy little life around a television show. Shove that in your reverse anti-matter plasma trivestor and dematerialize it.**

sode of the original series, *The Next Generation*, and *Deep Space Nine*, the channel will also feature a host of original programming. To the die hard Trekker, this will be a Utopian existence. To the rest of us, it will be hell.

One of the shows is a situation comedy called *Three's Profitable* in which Lore is now a swinging bachelor who lives in an apartment with two beautiful Andorian women.

To make the situation more difficult, he has a Ferengi landlord to whom he must not only prove his profitability, but that he is not anatomically correct. This show will undoubtedly have some implausible situations, but it might prove to be hilarious. Yeah. As if.

Another is an hour long spin-off from *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. In the two hour pilot episode, Picard is sucked into a sub-space, warp-field bubble in which an alternate reality is created, a nightmarish reality that Picard must escape, or risk his sanity. Picard, at first, doesn't notice any difference since he is still the captain of the ship. Then he discovers that the name of his ship is now "The Princess" and that the United Federation of Planets is a commercial cruise-line company. Everyone keeps calling him "Captain Stubing" instead of "Captain Picard." Councillor Troy has been replaced by an annoying, brown-haired chick named "Julie;" his best friend, Dr. Crusher, has been replaced by some guy named "Doc;" LaForge is now a guy named "Isaac," Data is a human named "Gopher." Hoo boy.

*Star-Dates of Our Lives* is the only soap opera lined up so far. The plot is almost entirely filled with people falling in love, people getting divorced, people having affairs, villains trying to make everyone's life miserable and every one of them messing things up because they try to keep secrets from everyone else. Such themes as the importance of family and the indestructibility of love will be extensively explored. Wow. I can hardly wait.

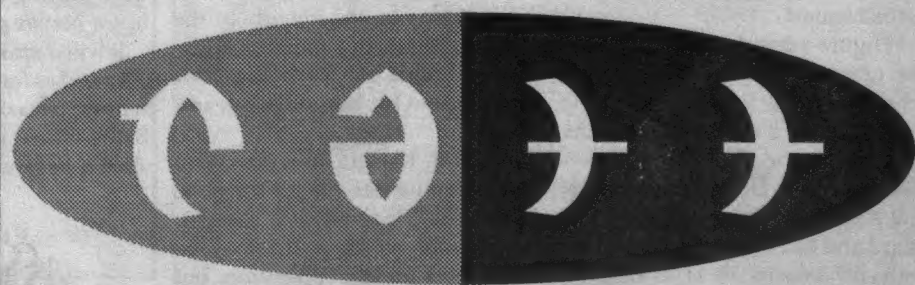
There will also be blooper shows, and a monthly special featuring pornographic films cast members made before making it big. This will be on late, of course, and they might be the only reason to watch this pathetic channel.

With shows like these, the Star Trek channel is sure to be a success. And it's coming soon. Be afraid, be very afraid.

*In support of Nude Basketball week, Room at the Tops' popular waiter, the wonderful and charming Mr. Marky Moose, will be donating his tips to help adopt a Nude Ball player. As a gesture of support, Mr. Moose will be waiting nude for the duration of the event.*

*So, show your school spirit, get out and help Moose help the Team. Come on up to R.A.T.T. and shower this unbelievably charitable human being with money, love and attention.*

*Humuna, humuna, look at those thighs! Ooh Baby!*



ROOM AT THE TOPS



# SQUIRTS

Squirts Editor Bub Hull 492-5068

## Football Connection Fingers may point to athletes in assassination

by Earl Camembert

The questions surrounding Torrence Feelymyitch's assassination continue and some of the fingers seem to be pointing to the U of A football team.

Of all the parties that had interest in seeing the fateful SU leader dead, the football team may have had the most legitimate motives. A few weeks ago the student leader voted against the team at a Board of Governors meeting. Since that time many threats have been made in jest. But could the team be responsible?

"That's absurd," said team spokesman Kevcan Jarhead. "Sure we wanted the little runt to change his mind about the football decision. And sure some of us would have liked to use him as a tackling dummy. But murder? I don't think so. Why would anyone want to jeopardise his football career?"

But it may go beyond motives, as *Getaway* photographer Rodney Getthat-shot snapped a picture that afternoon of a group of football players roughing the president up. Though nothing came of the incident, it did show that perhaps the team was capable of going father than idle threats.

"I think it's clear that the football team had more than enough reasons to attempt to assassinate Feelymyitch," said an unidentified



Rippin' Rodney

The picture in question. Bares caught red handed?

investigator. Actually he may have been identified if we had asked his name, but since we are such incom-

petent journalists we forgot. So who cares! It was just an oversight on our part in such an important story.

Let's see if you could do any better. Anyways, the unidentified source went on to say, "I think we must definitely consider the football team as one of the prime suspects in this case."

If the football team is a prime

worked as a team in this game of assassination."

As far as the football team is concerned they are in apparently in the same shock as the rest of the student body.

"You know it's really tragic when

**"That's absurd. Sure we wanted the little runt to change his mind about the football decision. And sure some of us would have liked to use him as a tackling dummy. But murder? I don't think so. Why would anyone want to jeopardise his football career?"**

—Kevcan Jarhead

suspect in the case, who do the authorities go after? Was it a lone player or the result of an entire team plotting against a man that they blamed for the extinction of the team? The answers at this point of the investigation are not clear, but the process will continue.

"Obviously we will be looking at this from a team aspect first," said the investigator. "Because you know I have been quite a fan of the team over the years and I know that teamwork is what brings success. I think that the team believes this, but it is our job to find out if they

something like this happens," said Jarhead. "Who will we have to vent all our anger at? I mean, I am not saying that we did it in the first place, but well...you know what I mean. We are all very sad to see the little guy go and we will do our best to aid in the investigation."

The questions will continue to be asked and the investigation will continue for some time. But whether it was the football or not may never be known. But regardless, the team hopes a new president will be chosen that actually attends the games.

## Bareing all on the hardwood

by Bill Needle

The U of A men's basketball will have a new face in the line-up when they hit the hardwood in '94.

Oliver Klosoff made waves last year when he bared all and began wandering around campus in his birthday suit. This year he has taken his public circus one step further

able to get it up during the games is the only question.

"My dunks in warm-up are only a preview of what I do in games," said the well-hung one. "I have a special jam that has only been seen by a select few. It's called the dinky-dinky-shake, and it's spectacular."

On a team already loaded with

plays hard on the floor and when the game is done he showers like the rest of the team. Except he doesn't have to worry about shedding his uniform."

Despite the enthusiasm in the U of A camp, the new addition to the team has not passed unnoticed. Two teams in the league are protesting the new addition.

"They can't get away with this," exclaimed Calgary coach Gibby Howcum who joins Saskatchewan in the protest. "It's not that it's distracting as much as it's a danger to the players on the court including the naked kid. I mean the guy isn't going to even wear a jock strap! And you have that thing whipping around out there and who knows what can happen."

Despite the calls for protest, Hogwart believes the opposition teams have no beef. There are no league rules that prevent a player from playing buck naked if that is his or her life choice.

It will definitely be a new look in '94. And as for the number Klosoff will be wearing for the Golden Bares—there won't be one, but it should be obvious.

**"They can't get away with this. It's not that it's distracting, as much as it's a danger to the players on the court including the naked kid. I mean the guy isn't going to even wear a jock strap! And you have that thing whipping around out there and who knows what can happen."**

—Gibby Howcum

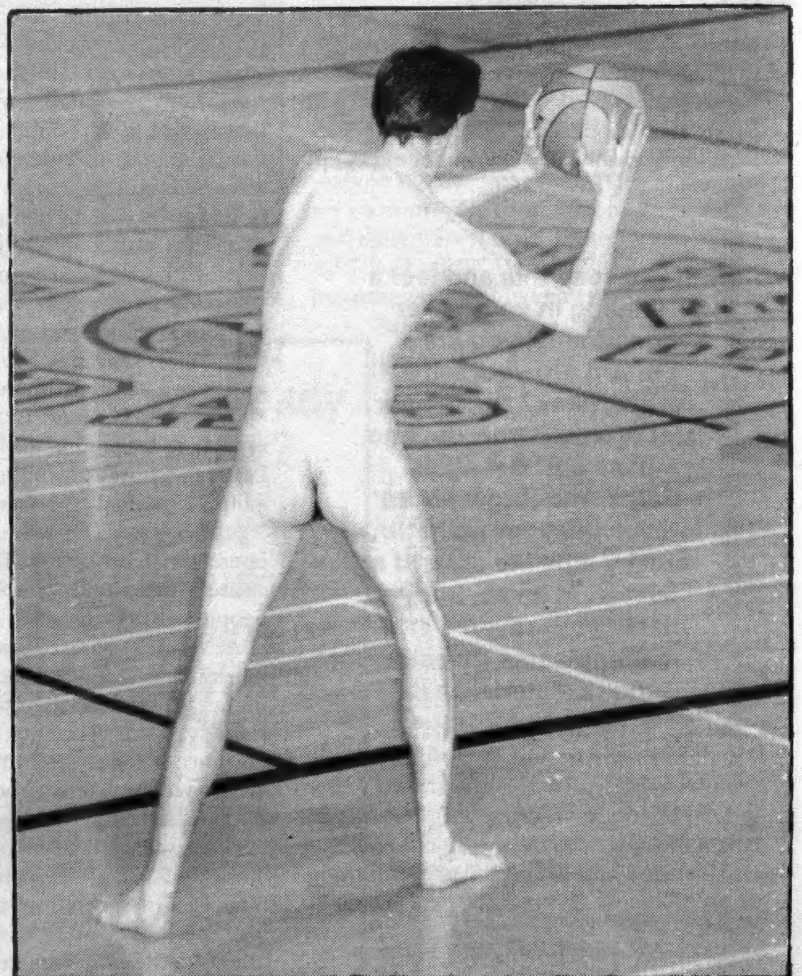
and signed up with the varsity basketball squad.

"I figure what the hell. I can play the game better than half of the schmucks in the league anyways—even without a uniform," said the ever-naked one.

Team coach Den Hogwart feels that Klosoff is a superior dribbling guard and likes to crash the boards with enthusiasm. He is an exciting player to watch and has been known to unleash spectacular slam dunks in warm-ups. Whether he will be

talent, coach Hogwart thinks that Klosoff may be the ingredient the team needs to put them over the hump. It could be onto the big show for the new rookie and his teammates.

"I think Klosoff adds the extra touch that we need to get us to the Nationals," Hogwart said. "Sure his appearance on the court may be distracting for the opposition, but that will only help us. Hell, it took his teammates a while to adjust, but now he is just one of the guys. He



Carven Goolyets

**Have we seen this before? Maybe. Think now. About a year ago you saw the other side of this twisted crazy freak. Well he's playing basketball now. You betcha.**





# New Look

by Sam Donald

In a celebration only equal to that of an Edmonton Oilers hockey game win, the U of A women's basketball team unveiled their new uniforms for the 1994-95 season.

It was not certain whether if the Pandas would have these new uniforms, as the meetings had gone on for weeks and fund-raising had hit a stand-still when University President Saul Davensnork thought that they cost too much.

"We knew the Pandas needed new uniforms and we felt we could *Gund* them by using the money that would have gone to Feelmyitch's salary," said Board of Governors Chairman Donald Dunn.

With these new uniforms, the Pandas will be able to dominate the game like no other team ever has or possibly ever will. These new uniforms are the greatest innovation since Peter Pox's idea to save money by paying his players by the hour.

"Yes, these uniforms are nice; but the best thing about them is they give us a chance to play that tough inside game we like to use," commented Goud Rakeb, the team's assistant coach.

"It gives us that extra bit of height we've been looking for. Now maybe we will be able to run the ball and crash the boards and opponents

with some authority," added Head Coach Coca Puffs Baker.

Many of the Panda players were also happy to see the new uniforms.

**"It gives us that extra bit of height I've been looking for. Now maybe we will be able to run the ball and crash the boards and opponents with some authority."**

**—Coca Puffs Baker.**

One such player was Suzzy Chambermaid who said, "now my legs won't look like I have developed a case of Misery."

"With the new head gear, I won't have to listen to Goud yelling all the time," said Karless Bradon, the Panda's forward.

Some players were not so sure of the uniforms, as they were overheard saying, "I hope flea powder is included."

Doing some deep undercover work, the *Getaway* discovered that not only are the collars included, but that they come free as well. Now that's great bargain hunting!

Who says the BoG has no idea of how to save money?

Players and coaches from around the rest of the league were also excited and concerned about the new uniforms.

"How will we know who to cover? They all look the same and most of my players prefer to hug a big bear, not challenge it," screamed an hysterical coach of Lethbridge.

Others were glad to see the Pandas get the uniforms, such as players from University of Saskatchewan, who said it reminded them of the stuffed bears they sleep with at home.

When Missy Fit, coach of the UBC team, was asked about the uniforms, she mumbled, "That was the worst officiating job since the one the .....". Unfortunately, she could not finish speaking as some men in white coats were pulling her into a van.

When asked to comment on the remarks, Coach Coca Puff replied, "I will take it under advisement and will discuss it with my coaching staff and the league to see if any legal action can be taken...NOT!" He then suddenly skipped away.

Hopefully, attendance will be on the rise now that the Pandas have received their new uniforms. And why not—the fans will be able to see some true mauling in action.



Ripley Pretzel

**Crush the opposition! That's what the women's basketball team hope to do in their new garb.**

**IN THE EUCALYPTUS TREE**  
Kristmas Jones has now been given a complimentary seat at Var-

sity Gym. No longer will she feel the need, during a game, to attack a fan and take his or her seat.

## New solution in nagging ordeal

Yes you too can play in the NHL—for more read this article

by Sedge Ashmont

Yesterday afternoon, Peter Pox introduced his latest cost cutting measure to attempt to keep the Edmonton Toilers alive and afloat in Alberta.

At a noon press conference on Monday, Pox made the announcement that all the players on the team and in the farm system had been successfully sold to the other franchises. The proceeds from that operation raised upwards of \$1000 which will be used to fund the teams for the upcoming seasons. Replacing those players will be members of the public, who will shell out \$100 a game to be able to put on a Toilers uniform and participate in some of the best hockey in the world.

"I think this plan will keep the Toilers in the city for a long, long time," Pox said Monday night. "The revenue generated from the public paying to play on the team will be over \$150 000 a year, and the team no longer has to pay out any player salaries. Given the record of our team over the last number of games, I don't believe that this will compromise the quality of the on-ice performance either."

The first game with members of the public in Toiler uniforms took place last night against the Ottawa Patronage. The Toilers played well but were outclassed along the boards, and around the net, finally falling to the Patronage 25-1. The score could have been much closer if it was not for the play of new Toiler goaltender, and former *Getaway* Sports editor Bob Tall who only let in 22 goals on 177 shots.

"Sure, there were times when it felt like I was alone out there, but at other times the defense played solid," Tall said. "Overall, I think

we played better than the defense the Toilers had before Pox sold them all."

Can Curle was the Toiler's goalie at the start of the game but he was pulled after allowing goals on the first three shots in the first 30 seconds of the game.

"I had a poor first game, but that means I can only get better," Curle said. "I think that this type of hockey will fill the stands more than the previous regime. Fans want to see offense, and that is what they will get when this team takes the ice."

The lone Toiler goal and only

credited shot came when Alexander Bagle scored on teammate Daren Badelly who started the game for the Patronage. Badelly had cracked a joke about Bagle dressing in a cocktail waitress uniform in a recent hockey card. This caused Bagle to spin and fire the shot, beating Badelly stickside. Mark Crouton was credited with the goal since he was the last Toiler to touch the puck, three minutes earlier.

"It felt good to get that first goal under my belt," Crouton said. "I hope it will lead to a long and prosperous career."

Toiler Coach Glen Saveher was pleased with the team's performance.

"I think we have the talent and heart on this team to be a success. We worked hard tonight. If we work hard every night, the goals will come. We are a young team and we will have to be patient."

Pox also had a comment after the game.

"I think tonight was a resounding success. I was happy with the crowd and the on-ice product. Unfortunately, given the high overhead of keeping the team in Edmonton and high arena costs, ticket prices will be raised, and the cost of buying your way onto the team will increase to \$200. Without the additional revenue, I will have to move the Toilers out of the city, but I am confident we can work out a deal."

The Toilers next game is against the Hartford Floaters on Saturday.

**UNSPORTSMANLIKE CONDUCT:**

The only down side to the game Tuesday was when former University of Calgary Sports Editor and current Editor-in-Chief, Fim Lannery, tripped on his laces while stepping on the ice for the pre-game warmup. He hit his face on the ice and suffered a broken nose. Pox will not cover medical expenses and will not refund the money that Fim paid to play with the team.



Johnny LaRue

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# Gladiators, Ya!

by Edith Prickley

The decision to axe football at the U of A may have been for reasons other than originally expressed. The crack investigative staff at the *Getaway* sports has uncovered the real reason the university has trimmed its athletic budget.

Starting in the fall of 1994, the Department of Athletics and Sport will unveil its latest sporting event—Campus Gladiators. Yes, folks—the popular American pastime and time waster on cable television will come to the U of A.

"We figure that with all the money this show is raking in south of the border this could really boost revenues for other sports teams on campus," said department big cheese Indy Read. "So we sacrificed the football team to get the extra revenue to start this thing up. It was a tough decision, sure, but in the long run this Campus Gladiators thing will be big!"

The money saved from the absence of football will go into buying all the equipment needed to put on



**This is just a cartoon! But soon guys that look like this character from our past will be on campus to throw around all those in his way.**

a first class gladiator show. The events will be similar to those seen in the American version but with a Canadian twist. Some of the featured events will be the Beer Hunter Surprise, Caber Toss Relay, Roll

Yourself Around in Maple Syrup and Peel Yourself Off the Ground (naked of course), Jaded Ball Lacrosse, and the Great Canoe Fuck Off (special guest referee Pierre Burton). Campus Gladiators will

take place in the "I Can't Believe It's Not Butterdome" and admission will be "moderately priced."

As for the Gladiators themselves, the main attraction will be a modern day Obelix (see photo) that the

department found picking olives in Greece. The proportions are very similar and his name is Tundra. Read thinks the big fella will attract large crowds.

"It'll be great. This guy is definitely our star," said Read. "He will pack them in and I think the people will really warm up to him on those cold winter nights."

Other Gladiators will include Wasteland, Beaver, Miramichi, Blackfoot, Canadian Shield, and some big guy in a Lumberjack jacket.

The contestants who will be going against some of these formidable opponents will be some of the U of A athletes and anyone who wants to challenge the Gladiators.

"Sure, if someone wants to get their ass kicked for a couple of hours, they are more than welcome to sign up," chuckled Read. "But in these times of financial restraint the department will not be responsible for any injury. You want to play, you have to pay."

Campus Gladiators starts in September, so reserve your spot today.

## Trouble, Trouble, Troubled Times

by Jean Crouton  
Trouble.

Trouble was what the University of Alberta Golden Bares lacrosse team that were expecting trouble got when it was the troublesome feared University of Alberta Columbia Thunderbaby lacrosse team were giving them trouble. And how!

The trouble began when Bares left goalman Egg Sperbey received a eighty minute penalty for clocking T-baby cneter Baby Blubby in the head. This left the Bares short handed and they moved

shorthandedly in to pull of a short-handed goal that was well received on account of it's being shorthanded

handed goal and all. And right you'd be.

The trouble continued when T-baby left-fullnet Terence Filewych (no relation to U of A's SU president—no, really) forgot what position he was playing and left the field to take in a live sex show. This led to Bare half-full-longshoreboat-back receiver Ed Ed to pull off

a beautiful double-spin-back treackhand shot, and we all know what that means.

Half-half-outriggerboat-voyageur-front receiver Bob B. Bob had this to say. "We were just confused out there. Like, for instance, am I a half-half-outriggerboat-voyageur-back receiver or a half-full-longshoreboat-furtrader-back-throwman? I always get those positions confused. Who can figure lacrosse out anyway?"

This heartened the team which went on to pull down a forty point victory.

"We weren't really playing our best," explained team captain Elvar Broskin (again, no relation to the U of A's SU president, though this time it's easier to see why since there's no similarity at all between their names). "We had the moves but we weren't really pulling it altogether and playing as a team."

It's especially hard to see the team falling apart when its a team like this, one of Varsity lacrosse's most celebrated Siamese sextuplet teams.

"We put ourselves in a lot of bad positions," explained Broskin. "Really bad. Much worse than we expected. Heck, we were tripping over the water cooler."

The victorious captain had better things to say. "Well, we were really playing our best. We had the moves and we were really pulling it altogether and playing as a team," explained captain Brickbat McUrdle.

Who actually won, anyway? Ah, lacrosse! Game of champions! Read my name, o anglo, and weep! Je suis Jean Crouton! Vive Quebec! Vive la France! Mange la biftek! Lavez la plotte! Je fera aux couchons boire la vin! OUI! OUI!



and all. At first that might not seem like trouble—hey, you'd think that's pretty good, pulling off a short-



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Wanted: another person who will complicate my life and remind me that I'm a sniveling, poor, worthless fuckmonster with a huge dick who has no redeeming qualities and would only be a useful and entertaining goofy lover, but only for a while, until you get your senses and find someone with a job or a life or money or something. Hurt me. Squid Greymowsky.

Wanted: Hi. I'm a *Gelaway* female volunteer who would really like not to be treated like the daily special on the menu. Everyone.

Wanted: my flesh torn, my arms bitten, my hair ripped out, to be flayed and stripped and beaten and in front of my class. Bub.

Wanted: Seafood. Wretched Sandpaper.

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More whiskey.

A 9 average. Yeah right.

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[Fuck, sign me up, Heaver. You know you'd like it.]

## LOST

LOST: One football team and a lot of hope. Call 555-BEAR

LOST: All hope of gaining insight into the cosmic situation. Just kidding, actually, I lost my pen.

## STAFF MEETING

Issues to be discussed include:

- Babble-on for the fifth time
- Gay Brun's next performance
- Semen Snotley's toe chewing
- Squid's sex life - *again*
- The general bad attitude around this place
- And if you're all really good we'll get around to letting you out of your pens.
- Oh yeah, and we'll also talk about Slave's little problem.

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## THREE LINES FOR A FEE



Ra- I mean, Monkee. It's great that I get to go first because I'm an editor. Er, no. I mean, not that I am. - Fi... oh screw it.

To the bar sneca man with the hairy ballz: Meet me in the third stall from the door at the regular time.

Your golf clubz are undr my bed, cum n fine them - The Editor

Alpine - get you're but over hear - The Editor

We'll screw anyone. I don't care who or what yo are. Desperate - Bia & Spitz.

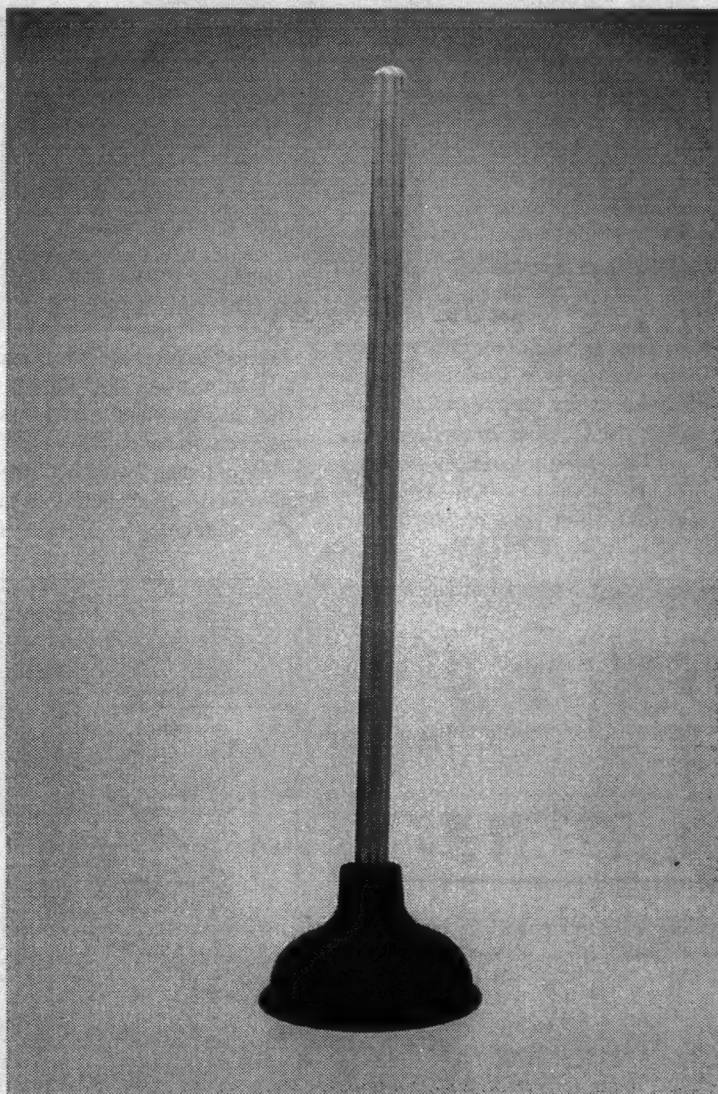
We have nothing better to do than waste endless hours annoying people. I've seen sexual organs, and i want everyone to knoe an=bout it.

Hey, you bitch, why didn't my TLFF run last issue? I get really surley when i don't get my way - Loser.

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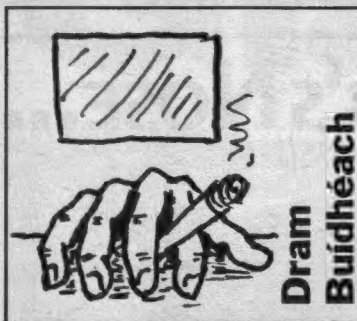
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Remember for next issues TLFF's you must include the phrase...I want to lick Jay Brown's testicles. Otherwise I won't print them you have the power.





**DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM—NIL!**  
***Requiem for a putz***

Poor Torence Feelmyitch. Even in death, he just can't seem to get it right, can he?

As the president and nominal head of state for the University of Alberta Students' Union, Feelmitch cultivated a thirst for snafus and scandal which knew no slaking. His assassination at the hands of an unknown killer may qualify as his ultimate foul-up—a testament to Feelmitch's ultimate inability to do the job for which he was elected with so much fanfare a mere 10 months ago.

Even when he served as the SU's vice-president of external affairs, Feelmith was riding—and bareback, it should be considered—the ragged edge of disaster. It was in the frantic days leading up to the national referendum on last year's Honda Accord, after all, that Feelmith was detained by the Sûreté du Québec for almost a week after he appeared in the nude with Moolah M'Looney in a controversial commercial for the "Yes" side.

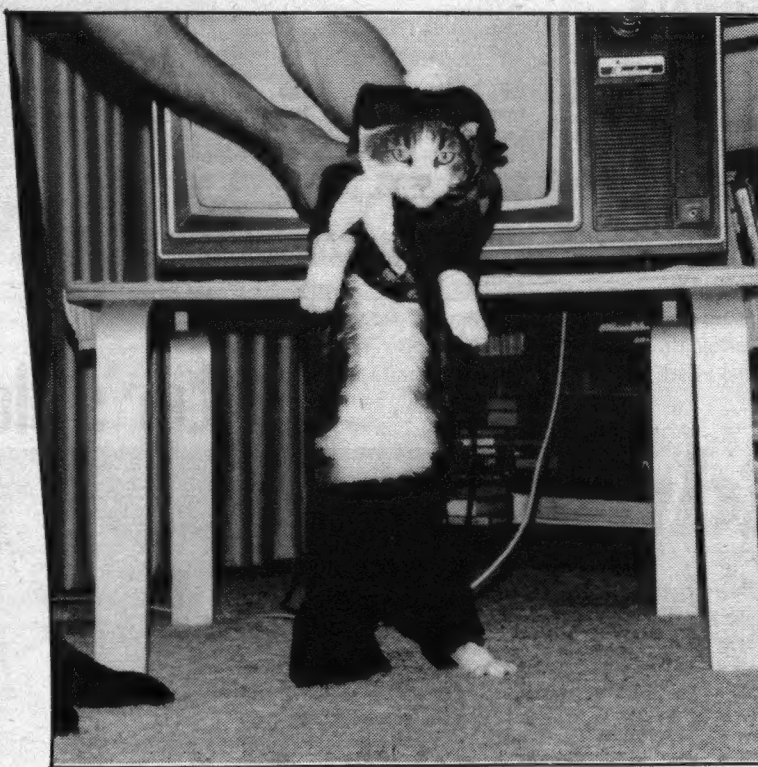
Feelmyitch would show a greater talent for screwing things up in the president's chair, however, and his first major blunder not only embarrassed him, but also cost the newly-elected vice-president of finance, Jacquelin Susann Squatt, her job. They were implicated in a botched attempt to cover up the mysterious loss of over \$4-million from the SU Capital Porkbarrel Fund. This money, which was slated for renovations to the Students' Onion Building, somehow

ended up in the accounts of the now-bankrupt Latin American Trade Centre Corporation, which was based in Boca Raton, Florida.

Other black eyes were to follow. In one particularly notorious example with national implications, Feelmyitch made an appearance on a major television current-affairs programme, *Pamela's Period*, in which he defended then-incumbent Edmonton Strathcona MP Scoop Dorkelson as "the best friend the Students' Union ever had in Parliament." A reliable source speaking on behalf of current Retard Party MP Spew Hammerhead said later that he found Feelmyitch's comments "funnier than a sow's ear caught in a hydraulic press," especially in light of the number of seats the Regressive Convertibles retained in the House of Commons after the October 25 election.

What finally brought most students' blood to a boil—and what would soon cost Feelmvitch his

life—was his stance on what has surprisingly become a point of pride on the University of Alberta campus. Since 1991, the U of A Golden Bares football team has survived through the grace of a well-financed alumni organisation.



The *modus vivendi* with the university administration which made this arrangement possible is set to expire at the end of this year, and it was up to the Board of Governors, of which Feelmitch was a member, to decide the ultimate fate of

**the Bares.**

lions from deposed strongman Gen. Alfredo Stresbaster to build the Itaikakapupu Dam on the Brazilian border.

At the same time, the impending sale of the Golden Bares struck a

nerve in a campus community showing signs of distress, if not outright paranoia, about the future. Whomever it was who killed the SU president was clearly afraid of the future—but although it certainly qualifies as a viable motive for gunning down Feelmyitch, who would have the gumption to take that fear in hand and act on raw instinct? The sheer number of suspects who would fit this description, together with the minimal chances of a jury voting to convict Feelmyitch's killer, makes the resolution of such a question most unlikely.

If there is one thing, though, which has galvanised the consciousness of the students of this university and triggered the current dark mutterings of impeachment, assassination, finger-pointing, conspiracy, and sodomy, it has been the collective cry of "You didn't ask me!" which greeted the news of the impending demise of the Golden Bares. Amazingly, Feelmyith, in death, may have done the students and the democratic process a huge favour on this campus by demonstrating that any government is only as fit as those who are governed, and that apathy may only lead to the absence of responsible government in this society.

On the other hand, I'm glad someone met that political maldroit on a grassy knoll somewhere and blew his brains out.

-30-

Gay Brun's  
Poetry Corner

*She should have died hereafter—there would have been a time for such a word. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day to the last syllable of recorded time...*

SILLY TIME!

- Gay



**B l a h**  
**B l a h**

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah.  
Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah.

[illegible]

Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah.  
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Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah. Blah.  
Blah. Blah. Blah.

Free East Timor. Merry Christmas. Keep on Truckin'. Play It Loud Mutha! Article Approved by EIC. Man, I hate joke issues.



# TOTAL CRAP

Monkeeing Editor Squid Greymowsky 492-5178

## Poopy-poop



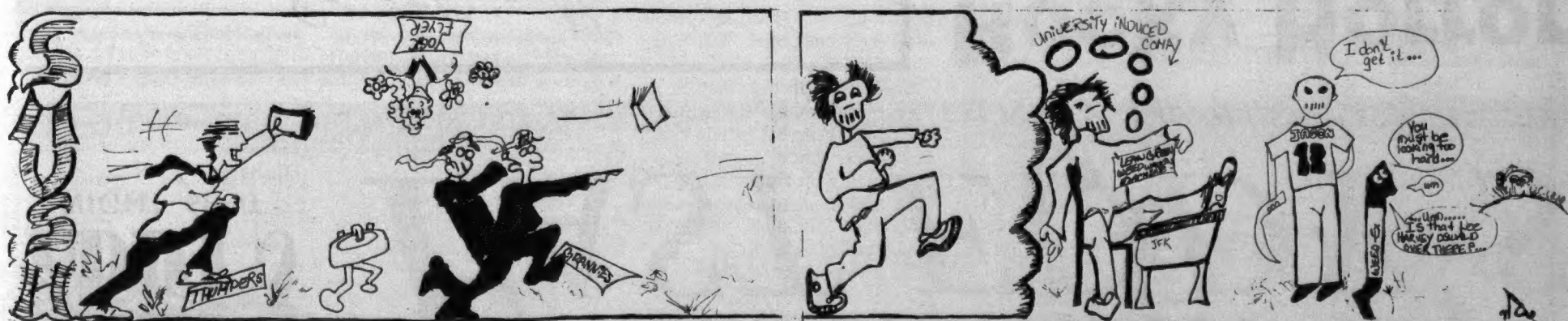
## The Antibody



## The Indefinite Guys



## Campus Martial Arts Expert





*Something New  
Something Different*



7641 Argyll Road  
465-6666

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA

## Rocky Horror Picture Show Rocks Night- club in 1994

by Fast Eddy

Edmonton's local Night Club, Fast Eddy's is bringing you something new, something different one more time. On Saturday, January 1, 1994 the Rocky Horror Picture Show will be presented at Fast Eddy's at 9:00 p.m. "Everyone should know what it's about", says General Manager, Chad Rumpel. "Just bring your rice, toast and party!" People should be aware that this is the first time ever in history that the Rocky Horror has been shown in a Night Club. So take the opportunity and be a part of the history. Go to Fast Eddy's and see the Rocky Horror Picture Show on January 1, 1994 at 9:00 p.m.. Please note this will be an on-going tradition and please full costume is advised.



## Fundraising Made Simple

by Fast Eddy



Over the past five years FAST EDDY'S has shown support to numerous faculties. As of now their help is wanted by so many that everyone in the nightclub industry is turning their heads. First of all, we offer you our own door sales from 7:00 p.m. until 9:00 p.m. That means everyone who parties at FAST EDDY'S must buy one of your tickets to come in. (Excluding VIP members). Second, not one of your groups will have to do any work at all. Everything is completely handled by their management. Now getting to the best part... FAST EDDY'S PAYS for all the tickets you need to sell. And the drink specials... you will not believe them! Now, one important thing to remember, other Night Clubs in the city of Edmonton will perhaps offer you the same deal, however, our deal is negotiable and we will always beat our competition. So call 465-3339 and ask for Don or Chad & book your fundraiser at FAST EDDY'S where there is *Something New, Something Different* every night!

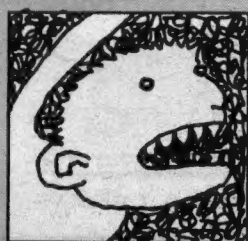
## Schools Out & It's Time To Get...

*Well, You Know What!*

by Fast Eddy

As of December 21, 1993 all University of Alberta students will be finished their final semester, and what a better way to celebrate than getting a little bit "Happy". You may want to even call it the Pre-New Year's Celebration. It's only happening at Edmonton local Night Spot Fast Eddy's on Thursday, December 23, 1993. And since it's the Christmas season and everyone is generous, there offering you \$3.00 Jugs as well as 75¢ draft beer all night long. A special note to you the consumer, there is no other better deal to be had in town.

<p><b>BOXING DAY BLITZ BASH!</b></p> <p><b>FAST EDDY'S</b></p> <p><b>Drink Cheap &amp; Party!</b></p>	<p><i>New Year's Eve Party!</i></p> <p><b>1994 1993</b></p> <p>\$15.00 VIP Members \$20.00 Non Members</p>	<p><b>Thursdays</b></p> <p><b>\$3<sup>00</sup> JUGS</b></p> <p><b>75¢ DRAFT</b></p> <p><b>All Night</b></p> <p><b>Sex Games</b></p> <p><b>9pm -10pm</b></p>	<p><b>Rocky Horror Picture Show</b></p> <p><b>JANUARY 1, 1994</b></p> <p><b>9:00 P.M.</b></p> 	<p><i>Miss Fast Eddy's Ski 'n Sun Bikini Contest</i></p>  <p>Over \$4000<sup>00</sup> in Cash &amp; Prizes!! Wednesdays Starting January 5th, 1994</p> <p>Call 465-EDDY to Enter.</p>
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**Loads o' nudity**  
Find it for yourself ya' lazy  
bums. What are we, some  
sort of directory? You're  
university educated for  
crying out loud!

**"Man, am I drunk!"**  
*Our esteemed leader  
Stiffen Hotley*



**Shit happens don't  
you know**  
Life in hell and beyond.  
Screw the world and all  
that blithering effluent.  
More on p. 39